8.
(11)

Joanereidos:

OR,

FEMININE VALOUR;

Eminently discovered in

WESTERN WOMEN,

At the Siege of

LYME.

AS WELL

By defying the mercileſs Enemy at the face abroad, as by fighting againſt them in Garriſon Towns; ſometimes carrying ſtones, anon tumbling of ſtones over the Works on the Enemy, when they have been ſcaling them, ſome carrying powder, other charging of Pieces to eaſe the Souldiers, conſtantly reſolved for generality, not to think any ones life dear, to maintain that Chriſtian quarrel for the long *Parliament*. Whereby, as they deſerve commendations in themſelves, ſo they are propoſed as example unto others.

With Marginal Notes on the Work, and ſeveral Copies of Verſes by a Club of Gentlemen on this Authors year and half WORK.

Languet virtus ſine adverſario.

Horace, *Scribimus indocti, doctiq;* &c.

By *JAMES STRONG* Batchelor, *&c.*

Re-printed *Anno Dom.* 1674. (with Additions) for the ſatisfaction of his Friends.

8

Joanereidos:

OR

FEMININE VALOUR:

Eminently discovered

WESTERN WOMEN,

At the Sieg of

LYME.

A S U E L E

By defying the merciless Enemy at the face abroad,

as by fighting against them in Garrison Towns; sometimes carrying stones, anon tumbling of Rocks over the Works on the Enemy, when they have been scaling them, for a carrying powder, or not changing of Pieces to ease the Souldiers, constantly resolved for generality, not to think any ones life dear, to maintain that Christian quarrel for the long *Parliament*. Whereby as they deserve commendations in themselves, so they are proposed as examples unto others.

With Marginal Notes on the Works, and several Copies of Verses by a Club of Gentlemen on this Authoresse.

Horace. *Scriptores rem Tit. Publicæ, Sect.*

By JAMES SCRONG, Bachelor, &c.

Re-printed *Anno Dom.* 1674. (with Addicions) for the satisfaction of his Friends.

A BALLAD

On the Famous Author of Joanereidos, *or* Feminine Valour, (*That Incomparable Piece, drawn some years since by his most Unimitatable Pencil.*) *To the Tune of* * Chivy Chace.

* Or may indifferently suit with one of *Tho. Sternhold's* Airs, and be sung as a Hymn at a Conventicle.

I Sing the Man whose Lofty Muse,
With Zeal and Wit inspir'd,
Did *Western* Womens Valour chuse
To chant with Art acquir'd.

Strang is his Name, though *Strong* he writes,
Forgetting's Father's House,
Whom he neglecteth and thus slights
Because a Poor (*a*) *Prick-Louse*.

For ought he met him on the Road,
And in the Market-Town,
But would swell on him like a Toad,
And not his Parent own;

Though he had bred him up at School,
By'th help of (*b*) Doctor *Pitts*,
Yet hath he prov'd both Knave and Fool,
At least one not in's Wits.

At length to *Oxford* (*c*) *James* was sent,
And was there a Poor Scholar
A year or two, and from thence went
As he (*d*) came. But when Choler

And heat of Zeal had prompted him
To be a Holder-Forth,
He then became as Spruce and Trim
As Any in *South* or *North*.

(*a*) his Father was a poor Tayler at *Church-stoak* in *Dorsetshire*, and wrought for a Groat a day, his Pottage, and Bread and Cheese.

(*b*) The Worthy Parson of *Church-stoak* and afterward Warden of *Wadham* Colledge in *Oxford*.

(*c*) *James Strang* our learned Author.

(*d*) A Poor Scholar still.

The Sacred (e) Function he invades
Without a Lawful Call,
(As now adaies do Men of Trades,
Though learned not at all.)

And soon became a Teacher queint,
Zealous of Reformation,
Presently falling on the Point
Of dire Predestination.

Bishops and *Deans* he much decri'd
As Things intolerable,
The Surplice and the Cross beside
Were most abominable.

The (f) Doctor he turn'd out of door,
And took into possession
His Lands, his Goods, and, which is more,
His Books by Sequestration.

These he remov'd to *Bettescombe*,
Which was his Benefice,
That did by Smock-Simony come
And with a Belly-piece.

His Wife he often did chastise,
Who was a (g) Gentlewoman,
And would her Beat and Kick, though Niece,
To's Patron, (h) the *Old Roman*.

She hap'ning on a Day to wipe
Her Shooes with Wash-dish Clout,
He therefore gave her many a stripe,
And at Door turn'd her out.

But takes the Clout and buries it
In holy Turf hard by,
Causing its Knell in Angry Fit
To be rung solemnly.

(e) Having no Episcopal Ordination.

(f) That had so charitably contributed both toward his Education and Instruction.

(g) Mr. *Minterne's* Daughter in *Dorset-shire*.

(h) Old *Brown* of *Brampton* in *Dorset* was so called by *Nol.* for giving his Voice for bringing King *Charles* the First to his Tryal.

The Holy (*i*) Font that raiſed was
For the Adminiſtration
Of Infant-Baptiſme, he (alas)
Fed Pigs, and put his Waſh in.

(*i*) He took the Font out of the Church, and made it his Pigs-trough.

When (*k*) *Raw* the Sequeſtrator had
Himſelf hang'd, through Deſpair,
Our Authour (as his Chaplain) made
A Sermon to repair

(*k*) His Father was a Committee-man in *Dorſet-ſhire*.

The Credit of this Fallen Saint,
And did him much applaud,
As one impatient of Reſtraint,
From being with his God.

This Corps which ſhould have buried been
In ſome Croſs-way and (*l*) ſtak'd,
In Holy Ground interr'd was ſeen
By our Author, and up rak'd.

(*l*) It ſhould have had a Stake driven through it.

For being a Brother of the (*m*) Cauſe,
His Corps the Temple was
O'th Holy Ghoſt, though judg'd by th' Laws
The Carcaſs of an *Aſs*.

(*m*) The Good-Old Cauſe of the *Long Parliament*.

But *James* at length ſo Pettiſh grew,
And eke ſo Cholerick,
That his Good-natur'd Conſort knew
Not how to find the Trick

Of Pleaſing him; and therefore left
His Bed, Board, Houſe and All,
And to her Tender Parents cleft,
To ſhun her Husband's Brawl.

For *Jimmy* is an Eager Man,
Moſt Froward all his Life,
No Body near him Quiet can
Be, he's ſo full of Strife.

And 'tis becauſe he is ſo Eager
And Spightful too withal,
That he is grown ſo Thin and Meagre
By Trouble and by Thrall.

His Tender-hearted Wife he did
Heart-break, as moſt Men think,
Though Some there be have boldly ſaid
They know 'twas his Breath's ſtink.

For *James* doth breath ſo Ill an Air,
That he can Spiders ſlay
At three yards diſtance, and Few dare
I'th Room, where he is, ſtay.

This is the Cauſe that near his Houſe
No Roſe or Flower blows,
Nor on his Body will a Louſe
Come, nor within his Clothes.

His Feet have eke ſo ſtrong a Scent
That This our Fragrant Brother
Is often ſent for with intent
To cure the Womens (*n*) Mother.

For Feathers burnt are not ſo ſtrong
In ſtinking, as his Toes,
Therefore they follow him in throng
Where ever *Jimmy* goes.

(*n*) A Diſeaſe incident to Women, proceeding from an Obſtruction in the Matrix, which our Author is well known to be experimentally skill'd in removing.

The ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

But being at length Ambitious grown,
He could not be Content
With that (*o*) Small Lot which was his Own,
To *Ilmiſter* he went,

A Market-Town in *Somerſet*,
And though a (*p*) Sequeſtration,
Yet *Jimmy*'s Throat could ſwallow it
Glibber than Ordination.

(*o*) His Parſonage of *Bettiſcombe*.

(*p*) Mr. *Tarlton*'s Vicaridge.

Our

Our Author here increas'd in Wealth,
As well as in Renown,
Though what he got was All by ſtealth,
And was none of his Own.

A Purchaſer he then became
Of Houſe, and eke of Lands,
And roſe to be a Man of Fame;
But he built on the Sands.

For moving from the Vicaridge-houſe
The Porch, unto his Own,
The Fact, ſo Sacrilegious,
Did throw his Own Houſe down.

And being now a Widower,
He would a Wooing ride,
To get a Rich Wife, far or near,
His Palfrie he'd beſtride.

In order whereunto, on goes
The Rich Black Velvet Coat,
(Which worn is, Every Body knows,
Onely by Men of Note.)

In This he ſwagger'd up and down
Ilmiſter, *Taunton*, *Chard*,
On Market-daies; ſcarce any Town
Near him, but ſaw, or heard

How Brave a Gallant *Jimmy* was
Become. But though the Skin
Without was Lion, yet the Aſs
Encloſed was within.

Thus habited, our Author did
Accoſt with Complement
His Widow, and as fairly bid
With's Coat, and's Implement;

As Any could at One Congreſs,
Which prov'd ſo Fortunate,
She thought it her Great Happineſs
To make him her Bed-mate.

But not her Belly is't alone
That he hath ſo well ply'd,
She often ſince hath made great Moan,
He beats her Back and Side.

For *James* can Cuff, Kick, Scratch, and Scold
Like any Butter-Quean,
He'l not be Thwarted or Control'd
By *Joan*, *Mall*, *Beſs*, or *Jane*.

And though he *Female* Valour rais'd
In Rich *Heroick* Verſe,
Yet is our Author to be prais'd
In that he'l not turn Arſe

To th' Weaker Sex. What ere the Song
Sayes, *Jimmy*, put up thy Dagger;
He will unſheath it, and among
His Country Laſſes ſwagger.

For *Jimmy*'s good at Poniard point
(The Weſtern Women know it)
He'l pierce the Bone, and ſtrike the Joynt
(Where's ſuch another Poet?)

His Children very Many are,
But tatter'd ſo, and torn,
That, ſhould you ſee them, you would ſwear
That they are quite forlorn.

On Carrion commonly he feeds,
(For his Appetite's Canine)
And therewith ſatisfies his Needs
Be't Bullock, Sheep, or Swine.

His Servants frequently complain
That he is so unjust,
As their Due Wages to detain;
Then summon him they must,

By Justice Warrant to Appear;
But *James*, This Man of Strife,
To save his Coin will boldly swear
He stands in fear of's Life:

And so doth cause them to be bound
Unto the Good Behaviour,
But if his Debt shall be disown'd
He himself will be their Saviour.

And yet will *Jimmy* pule and whine,
And make Devout-Bad Faces
I'th Pulpit, and look so Divine,
You'd think he'd All the Graces.

Did you but see him rhank his Nose
And hear its Zealous Twang,
This Instrument you'd swear, i'th Close,
At (q) *New-Inne* Hall was strang.

(q) Formerly the Famous Seminary of *Schismaticks*.

On the Masculine-Feminine Poem of Mr. *James Strong*, Poet Hermophrodite.

POET of Mars *and* Venus! *sweetly met,*
And as before embracing in a Net.
A Net so thin and wonderfully small,
You cannot but conclude it Cobweb all.
Only the Postures chang'd, for by thy knack
Venus *is uppermost, and* Mars *on's back,*
Cow'd Hercules *must at the Distaff spin.*
And Madam Omphale *wears Lions skin.*
The Female glory melted down thy head
As Flints are broken on a Feather-bed.

Pity

Pity it is for so much service done
Thy Pate's not washt from secret Helicon.
And with that Linnen to dear flask so nigh
Thy sacred brows and lips were not wipt dry.
Sure they would do't; and it would soon come from'em
Thou hast so meltingly quite overcom'em.
Orpheus *was once with furious Froes assail'd*
But unto thee They've all their Kerchiefs vail'd.
Thou canst not stir abroad a Gossipping
But they their Candles, Kisses, Amours bring.
They love thee for thy Name, and thy strong charms,
And all are ready Captives for thine arms.
Freely thou maist (if thou wilt not be shy)
With Hercules *his thirteenth Labour vye.*
Go on brave Man, and do not think it much
(As times shall serve) to give us tother touch.
Some plagiary Poets steal their Bayes,
And from what others writ their Trophyes raise.
From Homer, Virgil, *much of glory drew,*
And much of matter from old Ennius *too.*
But thou this honour hast (and be it known)
That what thou writest, purely is thine own.
Nor can we call thine Dogg'rel-Poetry
Great Laureat *of dear Pres-bitchery.*
Thy Name's immortal then, and shall still ring, (sing.
Whil'st Wives wear Breeches, and whilst Milk-maids

On STRONG, *and his more Stronger Poem.*

STRONG is the Name, Strong is the Fame
Of this our Poet *James*,
Strong his Fancy's which out-prances
Valorous *Western* Dames.
Strong is his skull, like that of Bull,
Strong is his riming brain,
Strong is his Sconce as *Parnass* Mons
And Forked too some fain.

Strong

Strong are his Eyne, which by their ſhine
Pure Siſtren comfort, Oh!
Strong his Eye-brow, like briſled Sow,
Her Arched back I trow.
Strong is his Snout, which high doth ſtrout,
Strong both his breath and weazon,
Strong is the dinn, when from within
Bag-pipe lungs he plays-on.
Strong is his Lip, whoſe Muſcles skip
More quick than nimble Hart,
Which tear and beat like Puſs in ſeat,
Before his words do ſtart.
Strong is his Mouth, and firm of growth,
And alſo heav'nly wide,
The many mops of's Monkey Chops
Shews *Pug* haſt edified.
Strong is his Tongue, which ſounds among
The Precious, Alarm's,
Ev'n to prevail unto Battail
'Gainſt *Antichriſt* his Arms.
Strongly he ſtrives, by his Motives,
The Saints to ſet a-Gog;
Strongly to fight with all their might,
Againſt God and Magog.
Strong is his Chin, where Jaws do twin,
Thence forking back to Ear,
Strong is their Maſs, like that of *Aſs*
Made *Philiſtine* to fear.
Strong Teeth are ſet in Jaw's ſocket,
Which meat doth grind, and wrack,
Both great and ſmall ſerve like *Jackall*
To *Lion*-like ſtomack.
When prey is got, They ſlow it not
Ne finee nor nibble,
He Eateth ſo, you would cry, Oh
Th'ſtroak of his Mandible!

Strong

Strong are the Wriſt's, ſtrong are the Twiſt's
Of face ſo ſcru'd with tricks,
That 'tis hard bout, for to ſqueeſe out
His Coſtive Rhetorick's.
Forehead's drawn back, when ginns to ſpeak,
Back noſe ſtrong fibres draw,
You'd ſwear like vile, Monſter of *Nile*
He'd ope his upper Jaw.
Strong is his Arm, which does much harm
To Feathers and to Wood,
When he did gin to beat down ſin
'Tis marle the Pulpit ſtood.
Strong heart of Oak, rends ev'ry ſtroak
Laid on by furious skill
When he doth pump, then fiſt doth thump
Like *Mall* of Tucking-Mill.
Strong though and fierce, yet neretheleſs
Cunning grew hand, and meek,
When to advance in wiſe ſemblance
It ſtroak'd his Miſtreſs Cheek.
But when all woo'd our *Jamſee* ſtood
Rectus in Curia,
He did embrace, and Wife ſolace
After the *Ruſſian* way.
Strong were her tears, he perſeveres
In Soul-Correcting ſenſe,
Bangs hip and thigh, leav's place hard by
Undue Benevolence.
Strong ſince he grows, but weak his Spouſe,
No otherwiſe we deem,
But *James* at length by tryed ſtrength,
Confutes his own Poem.

Rog. Rimer of *Doggrill*-Hall.

The Book-Seller to the Reader.

THis matchleſs piece of Poetry falling into my hands, whether directed by Providence or by Accident, I ſhall not diſtinguiſh; but conceiving it to be of ſo much importance, in regard of the times, for comfort to thoſe famous Weſtern women, whoſe piety and valour deſerve to be recorded amongſt the worthieſt of their Sex in this declining age, and may well ſerve as Preſidents to others. And fearing leſt ſome malignant ſpirits ſhould have injured the Author, in expoſing an imperfect copy, by reaſon the ſundry tranſcriptions which this elaborate Poem hath much ſuffered in, the Author in this is rendered according to the Original. And whereas many obſcure places would have admitted a double conſtruction different from the Authors true meaning, you ſhall find the literal ſenſe of thoſe places explain'd by one that had a great inſight into the Authors fancy. And for the better encouragement for a further progreſs, many Wits have preſumed to lend their willing fancies, as ſervants to uſher into the world theſe elaborate Poems; and though they appear to the eye but ſmall lights to thy Sun, yet the reflexion from thee may in time make them worthy to be accounted thy Schollers; what literal errata's thou meeteſt with in the printing, let thy candid diſpoſition paſs by, and let not any fault leſſen the worth of the Author, and him that is moſt ambitious how he may be accounted yours in all ſervice, *Thomas Harriſon.*

To my most esteemed friend Mr. James Strong, *cause these to be delivered.*

Worthy Sir:

HAving had the unexpected happiness of seeing you at this Book-Sellers shop, I was so surprized with your reverend aspect, grave habit, and Schollar-like comportment, that I wanted confidence to address my self to you, being conscious of mine own unworthiness to deserve your knowledge: but returning to the shop the next morning, the Book-Seller was pleased to shew me the incomparable Poem, which assured me that sage out-side had a lining suitable, then was I enflamed with an affection too strong to be suppresst, which hath now broke out in this address, humbly begging the happiness of your acquaintance, and the honour to prefix a copy of commendatory verses, when you oblige the world by making it publick: truly Sir, the little needle of my soul wrought so strongly after the great Load stone of yours, that I had designed the same gallant subject to my thoughts long since, and intended what you have beyond imitation performed, in so sweet a chyme of words and sense, so rare a contexture of stories, and so exquisite embellishments throughout the whole piece, that I must for ever be

The great admirer of your unparallel'd abilities,

THO. ALLEN.

Honour'd Sir:

TO accept your courtesie might seem to argue vain-glory, to deny it stupidity; whatever I am to others, I shall acquit my self of both, and deem my self unworthy to be so honoured, as to have either countenance or commendation from a man so dresst with ingennity: herein indeed will be my grief, that it smels of no more than (believe me) a year and halfs labour, whereby I may seem to undervalue your respects for so easily acquiring it; deal with it as you please, and to morrow if you please to give me a meeting at the three Daggers at nine of the clock, I shall not fail of attending you,

Your undeserving friend,

A. STRONG.

To

To my most ingenuous friend, Mr. James Strong, *on his excellently well-pen'd Poem.*

INimitable Sir, your lofty strain
So far transcends the lazy low-strung vein
Of those faint Rhimers which the world admir'd
For buskin'd raptures, that thou seemest fir'd
From the same flame, which whilom shone so bright,
It seem'd Meridian after the Star-light
Of meaner Poets, when great *Gascoyn* liv'd,
And *Alexander Barklayes* Muse contriv'd
That rare Translation of *Brants* stately * ship, * *Navis*
Fraught with those fools deserv'd his Satyrs whip: *stultifera.*
I'de think their charming souls reviv'd in thee,
But that I find a vast disparity:
Their lines are easie, and their phrases common,
Thine are heroick, thy words us'd by no man;
And here the Sun sets brighter in the West,
Then earst it rose in the refulgent East;
Thou hast the disadvantage, but in time
Thy admirable Subject, and thy Rhyme
Will render thee more famous to the age
Ensuing, then the high Poetick rage
Of heathen wits, whose brows deserv'd but bays,
Whilst on thy reverent head these lines do raise
King *Midas* ornament, a guerdon due
Unto no mortal juster then to you:
Withers a man of Arms and Arts hath wrote
In gallant Rhyme, but thy immortal throat
Hath far out-voic'd him, and thy active Muse
Out-does his lance, and pen; all Pedlars use
Next unto Almanacks with care to buy
Their dear delight *Tho. Pru's* sweet Poetry,
Which spread in wickar scive, hath oft invited
The Chamber-maids with itch of verse delighted,

Unto their moving ſhops, where they do ſell
Nothing but tape and needles half ſo well,
Thy ſtately Poem will uſurp their place,
And bring them to the fatal ſad diſgrace
Of Chandlers ſhops, whilſt thine alone are ſung
With tuneful noiſe unto the long-ear'd throng;
Whoſe well-weigh'd praiſes will advance thy name
'Bove *Heywood*, *Viccars*, or *John Taylors* fame
As far as e're the Bard paſt *Ariſtarchus*,
Or fooliſh *Bavius* was excell'd by *Marcus*.

Tho. Allen.

On this reverent Poem, and the more reverent Author.

ARms, and the man I ſing, whoſe lines rehearſe
The Weſtern wenches doughty deeds, in verſe;
More high, then (earſt) the acts of *Guy* of *Warwicke*,
Southamptons Beavoys, or the *Knight* of *Barwicke*.
Aſſiſt *Mol Cut-purſe*, and ye warlike bands,
That march towards Billings-gate with eager hands,
And tongues more loud then bellowing Drums, to ſcale
Oyſter or Herring ſhips, when they ſtrike ſail
In that Creeks boſome; you the Muſes are
Moſt fit to be invok'd to aid this war,
And the couragious Poet, that dares write
The Rare adventures of this doughty Knight,
Who in a Village Belfrey rul'd of late
The awing rod, and in that happy ſtate
Each hour ſurvey'd *Pernaſſus* double Hill,
When *Lillys Rules*, being pars'd or conſter'd ill,
The weeping Lads mount woodden *Pegaſus*;
How could the Pedant chuſe being furniſht thus
But write this Poem in a motley ſtile,
Which firſt in bumbaſt proſe he did compile?

With

With toyl and ſweat out of a Dictionary,
Mixing ſome ſtories of the Virgin *Mary*,
And other Saints, whoſe names his babling tongue
(Fitter for Ballads) doth prophanely wrong.
Then buffeting his patient desk he bites
His nails, inſpired with new fancy, writes,
Breaks off abruptly, knocks his empty ſcull,
Falls to't again, and with a mouth brim-full
Of ſpumy froth ſpits praiſes on that ſex,
Tells inconſiſtent ſtories, which perplex
The ſenſe, and his dull noddle, now at length
His hackney Muſe is tir'd, and wanting ſtrength
To trot on farther, ends his ſtately ſong,
With which his teeming brain travail'd as long
As breeding Elephants; but by the help
Of Midwives this his ſelf reſembling whelp
Is like the Moon-calf born, and as men carry
Their Monſter-children, Satyr-like all hairy,
Diſtorted in their limbs, dwarfiſh in ſtature,
Or unlike men in any brutiſh feature,
From Villages to Cities where they ſhow
By painted clothes hung out, the throng that go
Thorow thoſe ſtreets, that their admiring eyes
For two pence may behold thoſe prodigies.
So learned *Strong* full ſixty miles did travel,
Maugre all danger of the dirt and gravel,
From Village Belfrey unto London City
With many a weary ſtep, to ſhew this pretty
Spawn of his ignorance, ſo like him in ſhape,
Owl was ne're liker Owl, nor Ape like Ape;
Ith' crooked lines of 's face and hands you may
Each line within his Book fully ſurvey,
And more exactly view wonder in both,
Then in the picture on the painted cloth:
Were he and his brat mine, I would out-vy
Thredesken, *Gill*, and all the frippery

In the Tower-wardrop, but in this I wrong
The Bookſeller, unto whoſe ſhop the throng
Will hourly flock, amazed at the poſt,
Where this rare Frontiſpiece ſhall proudly boaſt
A ſight ſo ſtrange and pleaſant, that his gain
Will equal thy expence in purſe and brain.
Pedantick wretch, whilſt thy much hop'd reward
(Ten ſhillings) is unpaid, without regard
Of thy neceſſity; but thou art ſure
Of happineſs above a Country cure
In Gotham Colledge; where the cap and bable,
The reverent Hood, and Tippet, ſhall enable
The learned Bible Clark to inſtal thee
Vice-Preſident of their Society.

ALLEN THOMAS.

Verſes made into Meeter, whereby they might more illuſtriouſly give praiſe unto this Author, who whilom was a Student of the ſeventeen Liberal Sciences of New-Inn-Hall in Oxenford.

This may be either ſaid,
Or ſung,
To the Tune of *When Sculls.*

O Oxenford! old Oxenford!
how many Clerks I wis,
Learned in deed, and eke in word,
haſt thou ypawn'd like this?
O New-Inn-Hall! New-Inn-Hall high!
how haſt thou doctrinated
His plumbeous cerebrority,
he is ſo ſubtil pated?

Some

Some segregated are, I ween,
fro midst the ruder throng,
By Providence, so hath he been,
and plac'd Scholiards among:
Where comptly nurtur'd up in good,
and savoury literature,
Sage words of wise he understood,
and put all eke in ure.
To argumentate he was taught
Syllogistically,
First to divisionating brought,
to define by and by:
But why alas? nay why alas?
should I by a gradation
Think to declare how he did pass
all men in disputation,
Or in mysterious Sciences,
As in Mill-stones pellucid,
Saw quiddities, and entities,
and all that Art produced.
Much less how he, with sweat and pain,
drudged in Poetry,
And Mid-wiv'd gravitated brain
Swoln big with rapsody;
Taking Occasions fore-top then,
eftsoons his mind he bent,
To write with paper, ink, and pen,
wars most sanguinolent.
With pulchritude of sense, and rhyme,
he strait charactered
West womens valour stout, what time
in Towns they were besieged:
And eke also what time in field,
at face of Foe they vaunted,
Whilst monstrous stones they nimbly wield,
and the fierce Souldiers daunted.

O man of worth, memento now,
in height of glory, whence,
By dotes transfunded your ſcull through,
your learnt skilful-loquence:
And in requital of the ſame
on Bodley's *Library,*
Beſtow this Book of greater fame,
than ever Groat did buy.

This was compoſed by *A.B.*
quondam Student of Oxenford.

To the Author on this never-enough
praiſed Poem.

EVen as the Sun, and eke the Wind,
With laughter fils the Elephane:
So do I thus to pleaſe my mind,
thy praiſe, O Author, loudly chaunt.
And as the Moon, and eke the Sky,
are nearer unto Heaven than Earth:
So alſo do I verſifie,
being far from grief, and full of mirth.
Or as a man, and eke a woman,
is neither Horſe, nor Dog, nor Cat:
So do I write, enforc'd by no man,
I know not, nor I care not what.
Or laſtly, as a *Harry* Groat,
(being gray) is worth four ſingle pence:
So is he worthy a fools Coat,
that writes to thee in rhyme or ſenſe.

A. B.

On the Lurned labour of this VVorſhipful good Power.

ICh prayyon Readers, have you no dizdain,
'Cauſe I an ing-rant, and unletterd zwayn,
'Mungſt lurned Clarks do zomething notiby:
Good will unto the thang cleppt powetry;
Cham zoze abaſht with this rudeneſs to haundle
The point, or zhow kozth with an hauf-penny caundle,
His wozth to the wozld varr off and at haund,
'Mongſt thoſe bouge bon-vires which bezore this book ſtaund,
And make zike a cracklin blaze that ich ween,
My greazed Bul-ruſh will ſcauntly be zeen;
Yet ich do well ken that moany a mon,
Will pook out my intendiments better than
Moony tales and names, in thuck lurned Powet,
Who ich do believe himſelve did not know it,
But wzit it, that we with wonderment mought
Think him in ſchollardzhip, marlous ztout;
Cham not zo well liked with his cunning wit,
As cham with the wonches he talks of in it,
Zike bounſing Laſſes would bould a mon tack,
Though he had my tough gray pour hozſes back;
Hy teeth do water to wzeckle a pall,
Though it were with the zourdieſt wench an um all:
Chave known the time when Maudlin and Joan,
And two ztouter girls the weſt hath not known,
Have valien down blat, and not ſtood upzight,
When I gan ta buckle my tools to the bight,
And with my implement, and bat twa ſtones,
Have clawd um zoundly both twice and once:
But voz thy meed, Sir John, if thou comſt ere
Toward my zimple cottage ich'le make thee good cheer,
Of Varmenty, Whitz-pot, vat Bacon, and Cale,
And vill thy ſkin with Marck Beer, and Ale,
Voz the zweet ſpozt chave had and tickling laſter,
That ich ſhall be merry voz ever hereafter,
When I think in my mind, that moony a parſon,

Poor Vicar, and Reader, and Bell-fray whorson,
Durst never in verson zo doughty and bold,
Zince the cunning Bards, and the Monks of old,
Zet vorth the valourous deeds of women,
That have gen the voyl to moony ztout yeomen,
And dare in their zmocks without coat of Mayl
Incounter the ztrongest hind with his vlayl.
Go vorward, Sir John, and tell of the boys,
That are got on these girls in this time of noyse,
Will not do exbloyts vit vor thy high verze,
With bellowing zound zweetly to reherze,
Vor wich hereafter 'twill of thee be zeed,
Sir John, the Powet, had a hardy head. B. A.

A Sang made to gang to the *Balliballeer*, to the tune of the Authors praise, by *B. A.* of *Aberdeen*.

O Doughty Sankster, thy luggs sa lang,
Thy loins sa stark, thy wit sa strang,
Makes me agast with brussels upright,
As if I kend some uncouth wight,
How mought I than with dread beheld
Thy gude-wives drill in martial field?
And heave sike miccle stanes as I ween
In Albion Clyffs man never did ken,
But what recks that these willy coats gay,
Those fause lowns did well beat by my fay,
Mare sare then unwhile in Muscleborough-field,
When the stern fo pour Scots-men queld;
Ide lever have a gripp of anes crage,
And with twa stanes her bonny wem invade,
Then fra their weildy fists ha ane
At the fair mark of my noddle thrane.
Thus ta conclude my trim Scotch-hops now,
Mare prayses to thee I must allow,
Then to Rhymer Lord Sterline, and Mis-Davee Linfy,
And all they leave an um in Poyets frensy.

An

An Hymn, for to declare the Authors praiſe withal.

WHen ſculs of men are ſorely bent
to learned Poetry,
Then deeds of arms are ſung in tent
full lofty-loftily.

Lo, in tall Verſe the Authors ſelf,
with Pen in ear ſo thick,
Doth brandiſh rhyme from Weſtern clime,
of dead and eke of quick.

Of *Gyants* thumbs and *Saracens* ears,
he nill no care to take,
Of Ladies fell and Damſels keen,
his Poem is y make:

Whoſe brawny arms, full delicate,
diſtilling amber ſweat,
Through truſty noſe of Poet good
inſpire no vulgar heat.

Tough quil in hand is hent moſt ſure,
which gooſe ſo gray did bear,
In wrathful wiſe, he to the skyes
ſtern chivalry doth --clare.

With --phane and ſacred hiſtory
y graniſhed all o're,
The Maiden Fame is ſtretched out
from Weſt, all eke to Nor'e.

No more in dirty ſocks, no more
ſhall Poet ſtride the plains:
Nor under fuſtian cap ſhall work
thoſe bay-deſerving brains.

On Sconce of hill bold ſquire of art
hath ſhook the Laurel tree,
His gols been waſht in *Pegaſe* Fount
by Ladies three times three.

Moreo're, his face is Mouſe-trap true,
o're done with bacon rinde,
To ſnap your *Critick* black or blue
where ere ſo them he find.

O ſcul of man, to glory bent!
may that day never come,
When *Cuſtard* fond, or *Tart* more gay,
thy leaves to pavement doom.

Performed by one of the Wiſdoms.

To the Renowned Author, Maſter
JAMES STRONG.

WHen firſt thy parts and perſon I did view,
I mean thy outward lineaments and hue,
Thy vaſter hulk, thy grave and wiſe aſpect,
And all with equal guiſe and beauty deckt,
I much admir'd, and to my ſelf concluded,
(And well I ween'd, I could not be deluded)
Within that cask (and right it was defined)
Some nobler ſpirit ſure muſt be inſhrined:
Thus wondring as I ſtood, ſtraight to mine eye
Were brought thy rareſt Rhymes and Poeſie.
Poor mortal, how agaſt! I read 'hem with wit ſo fraught,
That like to one who was of wits beſtraught.
I ſtood amaz'd, aſtoniſht let it be,
For much I fear'd the fate of Niobe;
Only this difference 'twixt us there had bin,
(Which to forget, I fear had been a ſin.)
She, ſhe, poor ſoul, through grief was petrify'd,
But I through admiration ſtupify'd.

But well; these pangs, and pantings being over,
After my self, I 'gan for to recover.
Oh how I kist, embrac't, and hugg'd thy Verse?
And now nought else but Strong *I could rehearse.*
Nay, which is more, I 'gan to love the times
That had occasion'd these thy happy Rhymes:
And blam'd those peevish wits, who oft had cry'd,
Since Abraham Frauner, *and haughty* Church-yard *dy'd.*
All Poesie is left, (indeed I know it,
Since they were gone till now, we scarce had Poet)
For now like Sun with clouds of sable hue,
Bedeckt, and cover'd, all's return'd in you.
No more let's now the much renowned trade
Of Ballading, too much of late decay'd,
As lost bewail, for from thy cleerest spring,
Poets inspir'd each market day shall sing;
And stories now bedight in homely Prose,
Each morn in Rhyme and Meeter we'l expose
Unto the greedy view of mortals, who
Shall own restored Poetry to you.
I must confess, when first I did but glance
Upon thy huger bulk, and that by chance,
I deem'd sure now a well proportion'd birth
From Teeming Mount: to mortals greatest mirth
Shall issue forth, 'twas even as I did guess it,
And now my Muse desires an acquiescit.
This only needs she I must for to rehearse,
Strong *is thy name, but stronger is thy Verse.*

Peter Jeffrey.

A gratulatory Poem *to the Western* Amazons, *and to their Learned Bard.*

WHich I should most admire, I know not yet,
The womens valour, or the Poets wit.
He made the Verses, and they threw the stones
(Verses you'ld swear were all made for the nonce)

O happy ſtones which thoſe fair fingers grip'd !
But happier *Muſe*, which their loud praiſes pip'd
Through noſtrils oaten-reed, and ſung ſo ſhril
That the whole *Earth's Horizon 'broad* they fill.
Miracles are not ceaſt, we ſee ; for here
The weaker Sex, whom nature taught to fear
The face of death and danger, now out-dare
Ev'n valiant men in fight ; nor do they ſpare
Their willing fleſh. Here comes an *Amazon*,
And fearleſs treads th' aſſaulted Works upon :
With coats tuckt up, and tippet bolt upright,
Lap full of ſtones, ſhe fits her for the fight.
Two might have ſerv'd you'l think, but more ſhe brings
Which 'mongſt the Enemies heathen troops ſhe flings ;
And after them words, harder then the Pebbles,
She thunders 'gainſt thoſe Antichriſtian rebbels.
So do the reſt, for planted all a-row
Faſt as they can they joyntly curſe and throw.
O had you ſeen them toyl, and ſwink, and ſweat
With the ſame ardor they their husbands beat
When they came home at night, you'd then confeſs
Theſe Weſtern Saints had well deſerv'd the preſs.
They've wrought a wonder too, and you ſhall know it,
They chang'd this Weſtern *Pug* into a *Poet*.
Elſe had his mouldy brains ne'r been inſpir'd
With rage Poetick, nor this all-admir'd
And ſacred work ere ſeen the gladſom light.
For who'ld expect a *Poem* from a wight
Nurs'd up with Beans and Butter-milk, or on
Feſtival days, ſtale Bisket and *Poor John* ?
Strange dyet to train up a *Muſe*, you'le ſay ;
Yet ſee the luck on't ; having view'd one day
A skirmiſh 'twixt thoſe brave Virago's, and
Their Foes, a gray Gooſe quil he takes in hand
The omen pleas'd him well : (Quoth he) Of old
Strange ſtories have of theſe poor birds been told.
The *Roman* Capitol by Geeſe was kept,
They wak't, poor ſouls, when the dul Souldiers ſlept.

Alas

Alas! who now keeps *Lime?* poor female Cattel,
Who wake all night, labour all day in Battel,
Geese, as a man may call them, who do hiss
Against the opposers of our Countries bliss.
And by their seasonable noyse discover
Our Foes, when they the Works are climing over.
And shall such acts as these forgotten die
Unrecommended to posterity?
No, whilst I have a *Muse* that can afford
One verse, their names shall stand upon record.
Nor shall the cankred teeth of envious *Time*
Devour the story of besieged *Lime.*
Thus having spoke: He drencht his Virgin Quill
Ith' sable Flood, and did his Paper fill
With rich Invention, which if thou wouldst see,
Reader, disburse thy groat and happy be.

Toby Trundle.

Certain fit similitudes, whereby for to set forth the worth of this Poem.

AS little Bee in broyling heat
doth search the fields about,
So Authors best are drained quite,
And suck't by this learn'd lout:
As precious pearl in little room
shrouds vertues more then many,
So secret knowledge much is shew'd
in this Book, as in any.
As little sphear by tumbling round
doth Heavens high unfold,
So maist thou in this rumbling Book,
things Heavenly behold.
As load-stone doth the iron hard
by secret force hold fast,
So little volume in despight
will envy make agast.

As

As glittering Sun with his bright hue,
doth other Stars make ſlink,
So where this Book doth once appear,
of others ne're you'll think.
As Crab-tree fair, both flower and fruit
doth bring forth without ſtay;
So fruitful is the Book to all
in time, and place alway:
Then honey taſte, buy precious pearl,
view ſphear that turneth faſt,
Fear load-ſtones force, walk by Suns light,
eat fruit that aye doth laſt.

By the ſame Author.

Coriato Juniori.

ENter the Ring, all fear diſcard,
The womans grand Olympique Bard,
Th'aſt foyl'd Apollo, *and giv'n all*
The weaker Muſes a fair fall:
This Trophy *of thy female verſe*
Shews how they did themſelves diſperſe,
Some ran away on Badgers feet,
And ſome on Scotch-hops, not ſo fleet;
(Their airy motion quite forgot)
Need makes them in thy verſes trot;
Coriat *had once each Eaſtern lip*
Upon his propatetique hip:
But thy Pug poem has in hug
Each weſtern tongues virago dug,
Wits compaſs hath but two points bleſt,
Tom's *lines ran Eaſt, and yours to Weſt.*

D. VV.

Al Autor.

Lisonjas introduzidas
(Por error de las edades)
Usurpan a las verdades,
El traje de ser creidas.
Y frases encarecidas
(Lo mas incierto y lo mas vano)
Que yo en tu alaban ça a usano,
Sin adornos de tal tira,
Juzgo, milagro a tu Lyra,
Y a ti, divino, en lo humano. J. D.

FLattery the greateſt crime
Was ever introduc'd by time;
Uſurps ſome truth, a whoreſon thief
The more to Cunny-catch belief
With heightned language of a ſtrain,
Ambiguous ever, yea and vain:
And therefore my plain-dealing Muſe
Abhorrs that vices Arts to uſe.

Now this premis'd, thrice happy I,
For *Zoylous* none can ſay I lye
In ſaying thou'rt to be preferr'd
Before the blind or wanton Bard,
Or the beſt maſter of that trade
That ever Ode or Eglogue made.
(*Phœbus* his rays alas with thine
Appearing once, would loſe their ſhine.)
Their Muſes Pyes were and their ſongs
Ballads compar'd with thoſe of *Strongs*:
Their Muſick Reeds, their Harps of Wyre;
But to ſpeak truth 'tis thine's the Lyre.

To the deſerved Commendations of that well meaning Poem of the Weſtern, but moſt Chriſtian *Amazons Joanizareidos*.

NO raviſh'd Brain was e're ſince *Homer* ſpude
Heroique models, with a vein endude
Of ſuch high conſequence, to raiſe a ſtile
Out of the medley of the Lyre and File.
How ſtrangely are thy thoughts and numbers met!
While in each line the Fancies riſe and ſet.
This is (indeed) t'indite unto a Mint,
And to coyn current Rithms that run in Print.
Thy Epique White-pot is not like the proſe
Are ſcand upon a ſnorting ſix foot noſe:
Thy valiant Muſe, that is ſo highly born,
Fears not the wrinkles of their naſal horn,
Who under a bent Brow's prophaner Bay
Men in their noſtrils rugged ballance weigh;
Like noſewiſe Critiques ſtriving to ſuſpend
By judgement, what their wits can never mend.
Injoy thy Iſſues attributes, well known
By *Pallas* voted for the Muſes Hone.
Rich pen! to light upon a bleſſed neſt
Of Amazonian Worthies in the Weſt:
That where the Wiſemans Adage ſays a ſhrew
Should be ſought ought to drive away the foe:
Thy ſhe's, like ſilent men themſelves behave
Not (Capitolian Geeſe) by kackling ſave;
And whereas female valour (apt to quail)
Is ſeldom ſeen to riſe above the nail:
Here with the Phalanx of each Hand array'd
In natures files, they men at Arms invade.
Take heed henceforth you She-beat Royal Bands,
Who wave their mouths loud weapon in their Hands,
Will be (when all your feeble valours ſpent)
Moſt oriental in their Occident.

Æſculapius

Ignoto novarum cruditatum Authori
Scribendi Cacoethe laboranti S.

CArmina ronchissas balba de Nare Poeta,
Ad Rhombum resonans Mævius alter eris.
Sic glacitas mollem Calamo crepitante triumphum,
Scilicet ut fuso Palladis hasta fuit:
Exitus acta probat: Si nunc Cacophonia grata est
Sphyncteris occidui sibilus, omen erit.

Lectori.

Longas oscitationes trahenti,
Et vix sibi lecta paginâ
ἐχαλοχόλλιον *severè spectanti,*
hæc mora
Epigrammatis morigeri:
In morosas, *hujus* Morologiæ *cruditates,*
Per Authorem, virum moratum
Et summoperè morandum
Nuper editas;
Ac (O mores! *ex improviso*
Excussas,
Etiam dum Remores *auspicium vaticum*
Moretis *incusabat.*
Attica Qui moriens *obitér dicteria lusit,*
Ille Morus, *vibrans, Utopiensis Olor;*
Plebicolusq; *nigro* Chiliadis *Indice vultu,*
Sacrans moriæ *pegmata pulchra* Moro:
Arridենt nostro, morum *Diplomate Vati,*
Quem tu morari *dixeris* Encomio.
Morion *Colax minor*
Cognomento Remora.
Custos Morii *Poetici.*
Helleboratus.

Cum Cicerone ad Atticum. Vultum tuum
Videre cuperem quùm hæc legeres,
Authori Oſcedinis & Orthopnoneæ
Poeticæ gravidine deplorato
Alexipharmaca
Hygiæq; Litatio.

Mandibulis prodeſt ſuccis Oleaſter amaris
Hinc Oſcedo volans & ſatagentis opus.
Reſ. Iradices perſilidis, optime ſucco,
Perdulcis Calami conde, ſuperque ſapis.
Os. Pennæ (Scripturo) acri ſtet ſemper aceto
Num muſam rouchos ducere ſæpe, vetat.

POets (that have one) with a waking Noſe
May make a ſcurvy ſhift to ſnort in Proſe:
But here's the ſecret cunning of thy Art!
To ſnore ſo well in tune, and ſing thy part.
The Greek, whoſe vomits dregs Thou ſeems to lap,
VVas wont ſometimes in verſe to take a nap:
But herein your Errata's are at odds,
His were ſhort ſlips, and yours are thorow nods.
He *Cepius*-like, to his male friends did keep;
And thou doſt only unto women ſleep,
So loud; as if Th'adſt hir'd *Menippus* cave
To be thy Muſes long poetique grave.
VVere tart *Lucilius* but alive agen
To ſet a wiping noſe upon his pen!
He would his own ſmart accent let alone,
Drive Hogs to *Rumford* in thy Muſes tone.
The ſneezings of thy Genius we wou'd call
(VVere there Familiars now) Socratical;
And though Thou haſt ſuch rites in ſmal repute,
VV'are bound thoſe ſacred omens to ſalute:
And do (as ſympathetically drawn)
Grow nauſeous, for to ſee thy Fancy yawn.

Larus Lucianus. Cognomento Implumis.
Alias *Jonathan. Rumford.*

Phyſiognomical Conjectures at the unſeen Author.

NAture hath ſeem'd to make our Faces terſe,
In manner of a well-compoſed verſe;
But ſure, there's ſomething in the ayr of Thine
Remarkable above the native line:
Thou'dſt be by him could copy out thy look
By pencil, for a Criſp Abderite took.
A Prophet of the true Pierian race,
Bred on Parnaſſus forked Top; his Face
Should have the Jiggs and Fancies of his mind
Prickt down in Crotchets, and ſo interlin'd
With Clifts and Moods; it might be, for a Book
Of Phyſiognomy, or Muſick took;
Not look like thoſe, whoſe thoughts do ſuck their Dam
Through the cloſe hurdle of an Anagram.
The wits Idea in thy Viſage ſeen,
Works like Platonique capers on the ſpleen;
And brings Sardonian laughter into ſcorn!
VVere man's dull fivers made of Stoique horn,
The ſpruce aſpect, could not introduce a gleek
Of Cynique Spaſms into his dimpled cheek.
Such in his viſages Dramatique map
VVas *Rowley*, when his look deſerv'd a clap:
VVho from the *Thuſcan* ſtem derive their ſtile,
Oft by Arts magique, raiſe a humming ſmile:
But thine (a vertue of a higher birth)
Moves, ſo, an interjections ſhaking mirth,
(Had he ſeen Thee) *Democritus* had dy'd,
And *Heraclitus* eyes had ſoon been dry'd;
Sure mine (had I once enter'd at this door
Into thy mind) would never pain me more.
Since thy deſcription made my midriff ſprout,
And through my liver thruſt theſe wilde figs out.

Had thy rich countenance e're bleſt the eye
Of my judicial Aſtrology;
I could have then, by vertue of a beam,
Have drawn thy Horoſcope into a Scheam.
But fate has laid on me a harder task
To Phyſiognomize, as through a mask.
By the long ſtroaks and ſcratches of thy pen,
Thou ſhouldſt be the ſeventh ſon of a white Hen.

Janus de Indagine.

Pam mai garw blaen blewyn baſ garſr yn pori kelyn kaled dan dy nhâd ei.

Lythyr wyſi yn myned nid oes ond un dyn am (gwyr
Na egored neb honok kam ſelieda chwyr.
Nis gwyr ond un dyn y chwaith ibleu trak
Dſdywed ynte i un dyn nid ydiw ſo ond knak.

Gwalcchmai ſab Gwenllian ferch
Gwenhwykar ferch Edynyfed
Fab Gronw ab Tudor ſab
Angharad ferch Rhyddercbap
Rhirid ben blaid.

Ai kunt.

To

1

I am A letter, there is but one man y
understands me therefor let no body
breake open my true seale: wyther
is there but one man that knowes
wch way I may turne, and if he
reveales it, he is A very knave.

Gwalchmay the sonn of Gwenllyan
the daughter of Gwenhwyfar the
daughter of Edynyfed the sonn of
Gronow ap Tudor, the sonn of Ang-
harad, the daughter of Rhydderch ap
Rhirid ben blaid

fecit.

To her much honoured, though unknown Friend, the Author on his Spinning Poem.

FAncy cut out of a block,
First, hung ſpindle at a rock;
And ſo plodding wit brought in
The Peripatetique ſin.
Wine ſet Poets to the wheel,
Made their warmed verſes reel;
Sent them ſtrong into the loom,
Thence, they ſcorn'd the peoples doom;
Women, here ſet up thy Gigg,
Make it ſpin into a Jigg
Of as high and great regard,
As the Pyrrhique Gallyard:
But ceaſing to let it feel
The ſcourge of thy Brains ſtead Eel;
Thinking it had power to keep
(Town-top like) it ſelf aſleep;
Whirling put thee in a ſwoon,
So (alas) thy Gigg went down:
And we doubt 'twill be in vain
E're to ſet it up again.

Eve Spinſter.

Rhodomontado Quackeſalvo Bobadill de Montebanko the *Hiſpanolized Emperique:*

On the *Great Don Deigo* of *Parnaſſus*, Maſter *Operator* to the Muſes, thus danceth his attendance by way of preamble, in the meaſures of the *Spaniſh Pavin.*

OLd *Eraſiſtratus* who thought
That Nature did commit a fault

To

To give us Spleens were good for nought,
As he imagined.
He would have, ſure, retriev'd his wit,
And found ſome pleaſant uſe of it
Had he felt in thy Muſes fit
Thy pulſes.
For there he mought have found the ſtrain
Of ſweet *Herophilus* his vein,
Who unto Muſicks living gain
The Shygmick moods did add.
His Syſtol' and Diaſtole
So with thy verſes do agree,
That I muſt dance for company
Morisko.
Each line doth run ſo ſmooth away
They nor for ſenſe nor reaſon ſtay,
And yet the Rhymes are very gay
And well breath'd for a courſe.
Sure *Phœbus* cut thy ſpleen from Thee
Thou mights the Muſes Footman be,
And (Inſect like) in Poetry
Be flying.

Hermophroditus Proſelyta fœminili Poetæ.

Androgynus nutans nec mas nec fœmina, ſteti
Ambos ſic ſexus fingere, Neuter eram ;
Donec in Encomii requieſcens auſpice vatem
Hoc muliere virum vincere poſſe, tuli.
Demitto auriculas Epicœni facta virago
Tireſiæ venerem Martis alumna probo.

Some ſprinklings of commendations on the fragrant and moſt aromatick Poem of Ja. Strong.

Stow talks of Albions Amazons, I ſwear,
Mandeviles Pigmies to thy Hæroines hear:
How they mow down their mighty foes; proteſt
Meer clippings, to thy hackſters in the Weſt.
Thy Muſe (young *Ovid*) trumpets theſe Viragoes
To the utmoſt bounds of Indies, or Barbadoes:
That *Sidneyes Zelman* when ſhe'l hear of you,
Will wiſh her counterfeiting gender true:
And *Tomyris*, (were ſhe alive) not dead,
Had rather hold their trains then *Cyrus* head.
What miracle is this in ſight of men,
When other folk did cry, nay howl and ſcream,
Put finger in the eye, and made great moans,
Theſe ſhould be pulling up, now throwing down ſtones.
They willingly imbrace the corniſh hug,
At which the boldeſt *Hectors* ſhoulders ſhrug,
Like to light corks they beoy up gainſt the tide,
Like Water-men, ne're work before they are ply'd:
Or as indeed (young *Ovid*) thou haſt it beſt,
Like grapes ne're fallen till they were preſt.
Let them wear buskings ever to their knees,
Or higher it, for (friend) thy verſe all ſees
That is in them, of vertuouſneſs I mean,
Pray take my rime as I ſuppoſt, that's clean,
Let them have ſtatutes made (like men) of ſtone,
Another wonder, which may be daily ſhown,
And let thy pen contrive it, which muſt ſtand
Immovable, when ſtiffened by thy hand.

Bu. ly Joans.

Aſcunes motts ou verſes ſur les marveilous Geſts del treſnoble puzeles en le West.

Provant auxi que le entrie de ſes dits puzeles ſur les Cavalieres fuit bone per le Ley.

VOus avez icy (Maſtres) verſes ſcaches
De treſgrand faits de noſtre Weſtern laſſes
Et ceo ſuppoſe que il ſerra come Treaſon
Ou al pluis meindre il ſerra miſpriſion
Si noſtre Ley voile riens de ceo eſcrie
Ne voile reporter cielx femes Chivalry
Eſt en nous pris un Count noſme Devon-ſhire
Le ſcite & ſinke de pluſars Cavalire
Mes ceux bones Houſwives vice le broom le weapon
Ad ſcoure ceo cleane & done al eux diſſeiſon
Et ſ' bone ley que quant home per tort enter
Le feme avera un briefe de inſpiciend' venter.

John Perkins un ſage Maſtre de Ley.
Reg. Ed. 6. ac Rotulo 1645.

To his honoured friend Mr. JAMES STRONG, *on his excellent Poem.*

HOw doſt thou ſtrain thy wits! thy thoughts perplex
With *Stronger* lines to court the weaker Sex!
He who in time to come ſhall read their ſtory
Beyond *Hæc homo*, or *The Female glory*,
Will (if no wiſer than thy ſelf) admire
Both them and thee: and think you did conſpire
T' amaze the minds of men, more than to teach
The zeal you here preſent: For who can reach
The top of that gay garland, wherewith thou,
Like Whitſon-Ladies haſt bedeckt their brow. *S. W.*

In

In ipsissimum Musarum melliculum, Phœbi germanum, & maxime Familiarem Dominum Presbyterum JACOBUM cognomento STRONG, & pium ejus subuculare Carmen.

Saxa, virumque cano, gressus removete Prophani;
Hæc ne, quisquis ades, tela lacesse volens.
Si sapis his credas, rapiat ne fide carentem
Turba loquax, captum at redime quam minimo.
Certè Author caveat, novum ne angendo furorem,
Castratus miser, hinc audiat ipse male.
Io triumphe canunt petientes Penthea Bacche.
Multæ unum, minor est gloria Naso tuis.
Molle genus nobis pugnando restituit rem,
Saxa dabat testes nam retinere cupit.
Quam benè scripsisses nobum Batromuomachyam?
Carmine avent repeti Nuxque Culexque tuo.
Dignaque quæ melius describi, à Pollice dicti
Facta Equitis: faciunt quæque stupenda grues.
O tibi si dominæ reserasset scrinia Fotis,
Bubonem benè vix unctum abiisse puto.
Dicitur, ut memini, facundis flatibus olim,
Lascivus celeres gignere ventus equos.
Quisve neget Zephyro nostrum pragnasse Poetam,
Talibus hic videas quem properare modis.
Ast animal quodcunque, asinus, fuit, anne caballus,
Nil moror, at mulum panxerit egregium.
Cardo quod occiduus trahat hunc, sympathia quædam ast;
Nasum Heliconiadis forte lavavit aquis.
Ridiculum caput est, vultuque, habituque perennis,
Risus sacra ferens, quemque vidisse satis est.
Nil prohibet sed si ridentem dicere verum,
Musarum hinc crepitus anrâ jocosa tulit.

D. G.

Sonnet.

WHen firſt thy doughty verſe I read,
O verſe! no verſe! but ſtranger thing;
And ſaw what wondrous mirth it bred,
I marvell'd how the Queen and King
Had miſt this while thy high-ſtrain'd note,
And thou the privileged Coat.

For as the Moon with criſped beams
Produceth flowers which pleaſe the ſight;
And as the Sun amidſt the ſtreams
Doth make the waves ſtand bolt upright;
So thou, though by no Star allow'd,
Nor Planet lov'd, ſhin'ſt in the Crowd.

Ile not believe thoſe tales, which ſay,
Apollo fed *Admetus* ſheep,
His Cow, or Oxe, for by my fay,
Since thou the number up doſt keep,
The Herd was of, I dare proteſt,
Arcadia's more peculiar beaſts.

And ſince the *Lamiæ* all are pleas'd,
Their Gods ſhould all be born by thee,
Thou of thy load ſhalt not be eas'd
By roſes, though here plenty be;
One *Apuleius* was, they ſay,
But he I think did never bray.

Wherefore

Wherefore be thou ſecure, and now
To you whoſe bleſſed hap't ſhall be
This Syrian Goddeſs to to bow,
And dream ſome Fane, or great City;
I tell you plain, O Mortals, Mortals,
This *Myndus* is, look you ſecure the portals,

For there the jeſt lyes, but to thee
Again, my Meta-*Virgil*, terſe
Thought of my end now driveth me;
For ſince thou wouldſt live by thy verſe,
How dare I hope a death in mine,
Aim'd for ſo juſt, ſo jump, like thine.

Richard Jonſon,
Salamanca.

A Character of the Author.

Me thynk it, Sirs, accordaunt to reaſon,
To tell you now all the condycion
Of thilke on, ſo as it ſemed me,
And what hem were, and of what degre,
And eke in what aray that he were in,
And all for forward by Saint Runnyon.
A Clerke of Oxenford he was tho,
That unto Logicke had long ygoe,
Of his complexion nothing ſangyne
He is, but all ſwa ſwart; and of Latyne
A few termes hath he, two, or thre,
That he han learned out of ſom degre:
His face is bald, and ſhines as any glas,
His mouth as great as is a furnas,
With ſcaled browes, blacke and pylled berde,
Of his viſage children are ſore afferde;

His

His voyce as smale as is a Gotes fare,
I trow he be a Geldyng or a Mare;
His here is by his eeres round yshorne,
His top is docked like a Priest beforne;
He is short sholdered, a thicke gnarre,
There nis no doore but he wol heve the bar,
Or breke it at a renning with his heed,
Dares none ones wyle him but he wol be deed,
Aye by his belt he bares a longe Pavade,
And, of a sword full trenchaunt is the blade,
To rage as twere a whelpe he is sayde,
Yet of his porte, as meke as is a Mayde:
Full longe he lokes, and thereto soberly,
Full thred-bare is his over Court py;
For he han yet getten him no benefice,
Ne is nought worthy to have none office,
And yet Sayne Julyan is in's countre,
And the best begger of his house truly:
Full longe are his legges and full lone,
I lyke a staffe, there is no calfe ysene,
Of yedding he bares utterly the price,
Well loveth he garlike, onyons, and eke lekes,
He holden a syde wemme for the none,
Full oft tyme he han the hourde begon,
No Crysten man soe oft in his degree,
And in Lyme at the siege had he be.
But soth to say he is somwhat squaimus
Of fartyng, and of speche dangerous.
Now is it not of God a ful fayre grace,
That such a lewde mans wit shal pace
The wisdome of an heape of lerned men?
But I must sayne, as that I farther twyn,
I weene he fares as doth an open-ers,
That ylke frute is ever lenger the wers,
Til it be rotten in molloke or in stre,
And so God save us al that here be.

J. Chaucer *junior*.

PROLOGUE.

GEntlemen, (in the Authors phraſe) I come to chatter
My mind unto you, and think not I ſhould flatter
At all our Penman; for, believe me, he
Will hardly read or hear me, willingly:
But ſome there be, I know, will ask why here
In Satans name a Prologue ſhould appear?
Since they Drammatike Uſhers ſtill were known,
And this the world will for an Epic own.
I anſwer, ſure our Author meant to raiſe
The firſt beſt inſtituted form of plays,
To its prime height: were one Narration took
The fore-top, and the toe of the whole Book.
One more Objection there will be, which is,
Why to ſo ſcarrifi'd a piece as this,
A merry Prologue, and a laughing name,
Are tender'd? Ye, fine Coxcombs, fye for ſhame,
Know ye not yet t' what ſage Mimnermus ſtood?
That but what pleaſant was nothing was good.
Our Authors of his mind and no man grieves
So far, but that he may laugh in his ſleeves.
Think then you hear him now, and think anon,
How that you hear the ſwelling Lycophron
Chaunt, how the Trojan women ſtirr'd their bones,
To tumble down their walls huge maſſie ſtones;
For ours did ſo, yet wiſer far then thoſe,
Theſe to repel, thoſe to let in their foes,
Oh would himſelf now but his face make ſhine,
With daubing plaiſter, and the Lees of wine!

Aſcend

Aſcend a Cart (as was the mode of old)
And through the ſtreets himſelf this Poem trol'd.
Yould think if not *Apollo* freſh and young,
Becauſe his hair is ſhort, his ears are long.
Becauſe Don *Phœbus* robes do looſly float,
And he alas has but a petti-coat:
Yet ſince he had paper got, by teaching School,
He had been ſworn (you'd ſwear) Groom of his ſtool.
And this ſame Poem here which now you view,
Part of the excrements from thence which flew.
A year and half box'd up, (this is ſad mirth)
From whence (like to an Elephantine birth)
Is dropt this wonder; Sirs, pray hold your noſes,
Or hold ſome of my friends wits here for poſes:
I doubt you'l ſnuff elſe, and like him, to whom
Admetus ſhew'd the Verſe for his own tomb,
Admire the ſtrangeneſs of it, but yet ſay,
You wiſh that you had ſeen it yeſterday.

Richard Jonſon.

Si non dant Proceres, dabit Hiſtrio.

JOANAREIDOS

Feminine Valour:

OR THE

Western Women.

COme Reader wilt thou see how Grace
Through Sable veil shews comelieſt face:
Womens vertues in the West
Like Grapes ne'r drop till they were(a)preſt:
One rib of *Adam* there is grown
Like (b) Cadmus teeth when they were sown;
Almoſt an Army, they have spent
Prayers and praiſe for Parliament.
Could'ſt thou the parts of Devon trace
No * *vinlatea*, but thy race
Of blood would be, there see the field
Maintain'd by Women tho men yield:
Look round about and see, who can
But wonder if he see a man,
But ſtand and wonder more at this,
To see a (c) *Metampſukeſis.*
Mens (d) ſpirits loſt have reinformed
Womens bodies, both's reformed:
Who could see the ſword not daunting
A Womans heart, but ſtand ſtill vaunting?
A Garriſon in part defended
By Women, till the Quarrels ended,
And worn out men to be ſupply'd
By ſecond ſtrength of Women (e) try'd,
And not acknowledge that 'tis true,
I give Welt Women what is (f) due.

(a) The Author writes to chaſt ears.

(b) The Hiſtory is thus. A tooth-drawer having drawn (*Admus* his teeth, ſowed them on his belt, where they got him ſo much credit, and conſequently practice, that in a ſhort ſpace he had adorned it all over with the frequent atchievements of his Art and Pincers. See *Ovids Metam.* tranſlated by *Gawen Douglas* Biſhop of *Dunkelly*, and Unkle to the Earl of *Angus*, * Milkſtreet.

(c) The word in the original Welch ſignifies the ſucceſſion of women into mens breeches.

(d) He means women turned to men; *Pliny* in his Natural Hiſtory, lib. 7. affirms the like of Hares and Conies, our Author alludes to him.

(e) Whoſe mettal has endured the Teſt.

(f) Benevolence.

WHat former Age did ever want a Quill
Drencht with the dew of high *Parnassus* hill?
Those Bastard gifts of nature to record,
But ah! cannot our ill taught times afford
One to give vertue juster praise? (*a*) Ye Nine,
Have ye no quicker fancy now then mine
To limn the praises of that weaker Sex
Exactly as beseems an (*b*) Artifex?
Where's now that nimble tongue, *Apollos* vein,
Or had we one could match blind *Homers* strain;
Or but that (*c*) wanton Poet who to flatter,
One (*d*) *Lalage* sweet Rooms once did (*e*) chatter.
Here's now a subject worth his paine, who sings
Had need carouse of all the (*f*) Muses springs:
A saint-like sort of Females as before,
Earths broad Horrison till now ne're bore.
(*g*) From heaven are fallen, O let's not be dull
To write their worth whereof the West is full.
New natur'd are they and their grace divine,
Come let's embalm their faces, and eke enshrine
Their worth with honour, which doth claim the bays
And round their heads, let's deck the Daphnean
If constancy that golden garland wreath'd (bays
Which mortals none yet wore that ever breath'd,
In (*h*) sun-burnt times of danger, but he lost
This sacred jem; wherewith this crown's imbost
Sometime or other: O what cause had we
To spread the praise of female constancy?
Yet such a train of vertues do attend
This (*i*) Lady leader, as I should not spend
Some pain of speaking of her retinue,
I should deny her what I know is due:
Not one but hand in hand me thinks she goes
Linkt to all vertues following her in rows:
An injury it were should I describe
The mistress by her self which it doth ride,

(*a*) Not the nine worthies, but the nine women worthies, See *Heywood*.
(*b*) Read the *English* Expositer.
(*c*) *Q. Horatius*
(*d*) An Handmaid of *Rome*.
(*e*) He sung them to the Gittar under her window in a cold frosty night.
(*f*) Both before and behind the forked Hill.
(*g*) He does not mean as *Lucifer* fell, nor *Vulcan* when he broke his shin, but as women should do.
(*h*) See Sir *John Mandevil*, where he speaks of a People in *Africa* that use to roast Geese in the sun: and the Author could not fancy a place of greater danger.
(*i*) Alluding to *Vicars* in his translation of *Virgils Æneids*, where he makes *Turnus* call his horse, Sister Coachman, &c.

Born

Born not by few but such a train of Graces
As did the (k) three, but see they'd hide their faces:
Cease now (l) *Agathocles* to speak the praise
Of thy (m) *Theagina*, for our late dayes
Have overmatcht thy mate for constancy;
Yea constant (n) *Camma* or (o) *Antiopa*:
I must search further for a parable,
Or else our all past females will excel:
Vertue in those was single, shew me one
Like ours hold vertue all and I have done.
If here *Corvina*, *Sapho*, or that Queen,
Zenobia for their learning would be seen
So far as ere the Bard past (p) *Aristarchus*,
Or foolish *Bavius* was outstript by *Marcus*:
Our (q) christal wits be (r) pearl'd with gifts divine
Those ruder rugged spirits do out-shine.
If Great *Gorgonia* or *Evandors* mother *Trasilla*
Endowments now would shew beyond all other,
And prove their eminence in pious zeal,
O let our Matrons only but appeal (boast
To heavens high Chancellor, where they may not
If ere himself were conquer'd by an boast
Of praying females, where every hour
Heaven be not forc't his mercy down to showr:
No strangers are they at the throne of Grace,
But vow to pray until they see his face;
Which being hidden hath eclipst this Ile,
As when the glorious Sun's withdrawn a while:
Doth noble *Portia* or (s) *Lucretia* strive
For chastity this praise us to deprive.
Modesty forbids you vaunt, hark how *Diana*
Prefers our females far beyond (t) *Susanna*:
Who though the (u) crimson whore seek to deflowr,
And spoyl this Virgin vertue every hour.
Let each day testifie how they refuse
Her whorish proffers, and do rather choose

(k) Charites, or the Adamites that go naked.
(l) A *Stilpo* much celebrated for his constancy to *Pythias*.
(m) His wife Mrs. *Agathocles*.
(n) Who this *Camma* should be I cannot justly say, I guess her to be the Lady mentioned in the first edition of some years travels, sister to the Persian Emperor whose head was cut off, and sent to her brother upon a spears point with her hair about her shoulders.
(o) A Gentlewoman of *Thebes* in the County of *Bœotia*.
(p) A Poet, Godfather to the Author.
(q) For the right understanding of this, See the *Mirror of Knights*.
(r) See Mrs. *Susan Bronze de Margat*.
(s) A Popish Roman Dame that stabd her self for one Raph. See the Knight of the burning Pest.
(t) She whom the two wicked elders would grope while she sent out her maids to fetch her some sope.
(u) It seems this whore is an Hermophrodite else the feat could not be done.

To sacrifice their blood to Christ their Bride,
Then with Romes Idols to be (w) stupriside.
This makes Romes beasts to foam with rage
'Cause we hold fast that knot of Marriage
With Christ our Husband, and will not defile
Our milk-white garments with his whoredoms vile.
Dost thou (x) *Sulpitia* fret for this their glory,
And for thy verity relat'st a story
Which needs must lay a claim unto that Rose
That joys our females temples to inclose?
Their persons yet their hearts do bend
As circle lines do to one center tend.
Religion reformed is all their scope
Which not one few or most but all do hope:
Ones griefs not anothers joy, but all
Do live and die together, rise and fall;
So closely are they joyn'd by unions tie,
That all resolve to live, and all to die.
'Mongst them not one (y) *Tarpeia* ere betray'd
Their strength through bribes or else with fear dis-
Blush then to see our (z) Corus so combin'd (may'd.
That all seem better one, then more defin'd.
How strangely frugal still Dame Nature seem'd
Pinching her gifts till now, these may be deem'd
Her darling unto others being bereaved
Of those choice * dowries to our sex bequeath'd,
But flesh and blood ne'r gave a legacy
To match the graces we in them descry:
None but that sacred story must produce
A Saint to challenge my undaunted Muse.
'Mongst *Mary's* three 'twas chiefly given in charge
VVith ne'r forgotten praises to enlarge,
The Sacred Bible with her praise that cast
Perfuming Nard on Christ, 'twas called wast:
Not one but many matrons there we see
VVho rather then to Baal they'l (a) bend a knee,

(u) To stuprisie is not found in the English Expositers, but familiarly used by this Author.

(x) A Poetess that whipt and stript *Domitian* the Emperour, because he sent the Philosophers from Constable to Constable.

(y) *Tarpeia* was a Nun that dealt between the Sabines and the Geese, about delivering up the Capitol. She was the first woman that ever was prest to death

(z) Not the Popish Cathedral, nor the prophane Dramatique, but that Western Corus the Poet mentions in *Corum solitus savive flagellis*. Meaning the Beadle.

* Some Copies have it dowcers.

(a) Make a curtsey or a leg.

A set of martyred matrons chose to be,
As earths contemners joyntly do contend
Who most in oyntment shall on Christ expend
Whole mannors, large possessions lost, are gain
In their account, Christs honour to maintain.
Did *Mary* wash with tears? 'twas much with blood,
These steep the parched earth as doth (*b*) a flood.
O precious balm sweat from a soul perfum'd
With grace till body be again resum'd.
This like an (*c*) Ordure shall the world fill
And keep your glory pure and spotless still:
But Jael thinks at last this palm to win
By valour greater far then feminin:
Ours truly warlike are, she took the odds
VVhen Sisera lay sleeping, ours with clodds,
(*d*) Stones, swords or fists, can fight on equal terms,
A handful scorns to fly from (*e*) Summer swarms.
This Amazon-like train vows ne'r to stoop
Being fled from *Venus* unto *Mars* his troop,
VVhere they with tumors, tost, Truths (*f*) standard
And Sions downfaln breaches strive to rear: (bear,
They stop the gap themselves, where judgement flies
Praying in Moses turn with tear-swoln eyes,
Nor fancy, frenzy, or blind passion,
Or ought but pious resolution
Moves them with constant courage thus to hold,
Right tutoring reason makes them bold.
VVhy speak I more then this, to most 'tis known
(*g*) The weaker vessels are the stronger grown.
The vine which on the pole still lean'd his arms,
Must now bear up and save the pole from harms.
How many man-like spirits have been steel'd
By these she helpers being like to yeeld.
How have some to courage been exhorted,
How often others by them been supported?

(*b*) He means the floud of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* who also threw stones in imitation of these Matrons.
(*c*) That is to say the smell of a perfum'd soul is an excellent preservative against black patches.
(*d*) So *Diomedes* and *Æneas* in *Homer*, *Entellus* and *Dares* in *Virgil* of whom Mr. *Vicars* sings,
They bang'd each others hides
And made redoubled thwacks sound on their sides.
(*e*) See *Coriats* Trophy in his Crudities, where he describes these bloud-thirsty *Myrmidons* whom no mortal could ere subdue on equal terms, but by some shift or other.
(*f*) *Lasciva est Pagina vita proba est*
(*g*) The gray Mare is the better Horse.

I this deblason coat that makes the crest
Is (*b*) constancy of vertues all the best:
A vertue which till now was never known
In womens breasts, till now was never shewn:
Their choice was *Mary's* (Christ) then 'tis not strange
Their motto's this (Our choice admits no change.)
Worlds wanton wooers may rend Josephs coat
From him, but him from Christs, hell cannot doo't:
A sweeting solace have they in their crosses,
We keep our Christ, what matter is't for losses?
Go on, heavens saints, like to those Roman Dames
(*i*) *Cornelia*, (*k*) *Portia*, and the rest whose names
Shall wear out time, who first began
To make a Pagan state a Christian one:
Your praise is great who cannot abide
That Babels (*l*) tired whore her self should hide
Under Christs garments, or be fostered longer
Within the Kingdom to some now grown stronger
By opposition fill'd with detestation
Of (*m*) Romish Locusts near to deaths damnation:
Rejoyce then travelling women thy time near grows
To be delivered from the painful throws
Of twice two tiring Summers that do make
Our bowels yearn to (*n*) see our hearts to ake:
The Judge already set on bloody room
And murdered Saints cry lowdly for her doom,
How long Lord, how long shall this whore wallow
In guiltless blood, and threaten still to swallow
Each day a deeper draught; O make her drunk
With vials of thy plagues; let her be sunk
As low as hell with vengeance from above
Judg'd to the persecutors of thy Dove;
Mean while continue pure, the lilly scorns
To be defiled tho beheadg'd with thorns.
The husbandman's at hand and he must needs
Gather the rose or else destroy the weeds.

(*b*) Inconstancies a vice. she that loves more then once, loves twice.

(*i*) A Schoolmistris in Rome that taught children the Horn-book.

(*k*) He does not mean that they should eat fire as *Portia* did, but rather fight.

(*l*) So *Juvenal* says of her, *Lassata viris nondum satiata.* Sat. 6.

(*m*) These locusts are a kind of Cantharides which the whore of Babylon uses to take for proneness.

(*n*) Though the belly have no eyes, yet it should seem it hath eyes

Come

Come Lord to thy garden and do pity
The wilde Bore routs thy plants in every City:
Hedge us within the pales of thy defence
So shall thy plants be safe from violence.
Farewel rare paramours, I must confess
Vertues perfection claims a purer dress,
Stand fast a while, the nuptial chambers sweeping
To welcome those to joy that now stand weeping.

The *Epilogue.*

Sirs, if you are set on edge, you must excuse
Our Author says, the sharpness of his Muse.
Because he vows, and stands to't, that no wines
Do grow in th' West, he thought for lack of Vines.
Next to ground apples, he loves nought before
The milk-maids courtesie behind the door,
When for a tale of love, or last nights dream,
She pays him with two kisses, and sowr cream.
Besides as he remembred, 'a did think,
That 'a put verguice into once his Ink,
But wonder't should be stale, for by the sun,
He swore 'twas scarce two years since he begun.
Truth 'twas the Stati'ners fault, that was too nice,
To bate at first ten shillings in the price!
If y'are displeas'd he vows to write no more,
But Satyrs (I'ad forgot) against the whore,
And you his friends howere he does not fear
But to prefer 'em to a judges ear,
And reason; for to me, he did protest
They'd make as good neck verses as the best.
Pray don't provoke him, for you know not what
An inrag'd fancy may attempt; that's flat

Hee'll

He'll write Iambicks, and then if that you
Do hang your selves, mechance he'll do so too.
Faith, do not trust him; for who justly can
Value the loss, that such a worthy man,
Would bring upon the Commonweal of wit
Should he but undergo a fatal fit?
Wer't not for him Apollo *would be sad,*
And th' Muses want of mirth, poor girls, run mad.
But 'gainst the Proverb, while he lives I'le swear,
The God will laugh more then here once a year:
Now much good do't ye, 'tis the Authors will;
Beshrew you if you did not laugh your fill.
But lest this mirth should cease, pray write ye too,
And then perchance we'll laugh as much at you.

Lusimus Octavi &

Sive *G. D.*

FINIS.

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